LUX MUNDI.

SOME CONCESSIONS OF THEOLOGIANS.

LUX MUNDI. A Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation. Edited by Charles Gore, M. A., Principal of Pussey House, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. From the English Edition. 16mo, pp. xxiii, 441. New-York: John W. Lovell Company.

That this is a remarkable book is proved by the way in which it has been praised and assailed in England since it first appeared. It is in brief an attempt, on the part of twelve Anglican clergymen, more or less identified with the High Church party, to reconcile the dogmas of Christianity with the most approved conclusions of modern science. The subjects discussed are: "Faith," by the Rev. H. S. Holland; "The Christian Doctrine of God," by the Rev. Aubrey Moore; 'The Problem of Pain," by the Rev. E. S. Talbot: The Incarnation in Relation to Development, and as the Basis of Dogma," by the Rev. J. R. Illingworth and the Rev. Arthur Lyttelton: Holy Spirit and Inspiration," by the Rev. Charles Gore: "The Church," by the Rev. W. Lock: 'Sacraments," by the Rev. F. Paget; "Christianity and Politics," by the Rev. W. J. H Campion, and "Christian Ethics," by the Rev. R. L. Ottley. The value of these essays does not lie so much in the fact that they are brilliant and unanswerable, for some of them are neither, as it does in the fact that they all recognize the importance, and, indeed, the necessity, of setting Christianity right with modern thought. There are Bourbon theologians in the Anglican communion-many of them in fact-who prize a dogma of the Church only the more highly because it contradicts a scientific truth acknowledged by everybody outside a lunatic asylum. But these twelve clergymen, good Churchmen though they be, have no desire to be numbered with such Bourbons, feeling as they do that if the Christian religion is to have any future at all it must not allow its disciples to array it against the continuous revelations of nature.

And if they have not entirely succeeded in their difficulty of the task. It may well be doubted, indeed, if it is possible to harmonize the great body of Christian dogmas and traditions, as held by High Church Episcopalians, with the conclusions of modern science. For the two spheres are not only entirely distinct, but they appeal to an entirely different set of intellectual and emotional faculties. There is, of course, some room for compromise in certain matters of opinion, and in renot really essential to the argument in favor of gians have stoutly resisted the conclusions of perhaps with good reason, that in the popular Christian consciousness the whole body of concrete Christianity is inextricably bound together, and that any attempt to separate what is essential from what is non-essential will inevitably shake the faith

ing, the standing still of the san and moon at the command of Joshua, the swallowing of Jonah by a whale, or the translation of Elijah. More and more, every year, the newer, or, as some call it, the higher, criticism of the Bible is making this free handling of miracles possible. Even the miracles of the New Testament are found by many Christian teachers to be natural occurrences, unconsciously magnified by the zealous but uncritical disciples of Jesus into supernatural events.

But however far that process may be carried, point must be reached at last when the Christian believer and the scientist must part company. For the Christian must not only believe that miracles have taken place, unless he juggles with the plain meaning of words, but that they can take place now, if God wills that they shall take place. While the scientist virtually holds that miracles cannot happen, and in any case is bound by his own principles and rules of evidence to modified to save the "convenances." But the exclude all the miracles of the Bible from serious stage upon which the little drama is played, the consideration, they are to him no more than people who pass over it, the customs and manners, old wives tales. So long, then, as this impass able guif exists between religion and science, it is of little avail to be told that the gulf is not really as wide as it was first thought to be. It is enough to know that, whether wide or narrow, it is impassable.

And when all is said and done that is the conclusion at which the "Lux Mundi" essayists arrive. The theologian cannot adopt the point of view of the scientist without giving up nearly that is fundamental to Christianity. And on the other hand, the scientist cannot accept the traditions and dogmas of the Church without doing violence to all the principles and rules of evidence which lie at the very foundation of science. It is indeed true, as those essayists point out, that much of what is called science is mere scientific assumption, and scientific assumption has no more claim to credence than theological assumption. But though this is the weak spot of science, it nevertheless makes trouble for religion, for as one of the essayists points out, the scientific frontiers which the theologians are eyer on the point of fixing shift and change and vanish as soon as they are for the moment determined, and the whole force of Christian apologetics is spent in aimless and barren border varfare. On the other hand, this is also in a measure true of the defences of theology, which are not only shifted from generation to generation, and even from decade to decade, but many of which are finally abandoned as untenable And it often happens that those who best entitled to speak for Christianity are obliged to silence the unwise and intemperate defenders of Christianity before they can turn their attention to its assailants. Thus confused and uncertain is the great battle between religion and science. At times even the most farseeing leaders can hardly make a clear estimate of the results; and it is not therefore wonderful that the blind partisans and followers on each side know almost nothing about what is really happening. In the meanwhile, the camp followers of both armies keep up a strident shouting over nothing in particular, and in that way still further complicate the situation, especially as a great many good but unthinking people in this world are quite ready to take noise for argument and assertion for performance.

But the vaporings of religious bigots on the one hand and of scientific bigots on the other

Christians must use reason simply in order to find and indicating a remarkably energetic creative out when reason cannot be used. As we have already intimated, this proviso makes any real understanding between religion and science impossible. But there are not wanting hints in these essays that some of the more progressive theologians are not very anxious to live up to it, and that its chief value lies in the fact that it soothes and pacifies the Bourbons in the theological gift of knowing how to express all that is necessary camp, who must, at this critical point in the contest, be kept silent at all hazards. That we do not misinterpret the spirit of these essayists is made clear by the following passage from the essay on Faith, which virtually claims for reason everything that science demands: "No one can do a piece of thinking for another, and hand it over to him in a parcel. Only by thinking can it ! known what thought is; only by feeling can it be understood what is meant by a feeling; only by seeing, willing, loving, can we have the least conception of sight, or of will, or of love." Moreover, the modern defender of the faith is disposed to forge weapons of defence out of the very principles of science. For instance, the essayist or the Incarnation and Development declar's that behind the phenomena of the universe there is a secret laboratory into which science cannot enter Before the beginning of our present system," he says, "and behind the whole course of its con tinuous development, there is a vast region of possibility, which lies wholly and forever beyond be power of science to affirm or to deny. It is in this region that Christian theology claims to have its roots, and of this region that it professes to give its adherents certitude, under conditions and by methods of its own. And of those conditions and methods it fearlessly asserts that they are nowise inconsistent with any ascertained or ascertainable result of secular philosophy.

Now this is very ingenious. The scientist is supposed to say: "Beyond certain well-defined limitations I not only know nothing, but in the nature of things can know nothing." well," retorts the theologian, "I claim to know all about that region which you term the Unknowable. And, with that knowledge as a basis, task, it is not so much due to any lack of earnest- I hereby make certain dogmatic assertions thus ness or ability on their part as to the inherent and so about that region. You may not like these assertions; they may run counter to all your But on your own principles. you are estopped from disbelieving them, for you cannot disbelieve what you cannot disprove, and of course you cannot disprove the unknowable.

And thus we part with the theologian and the scientist, each standing on what he conceives to be his own bit of territory, and from that safe vantage ground expressing more or less pity gard to certain alleged historical facts which are mingled with contempt for his opponent. We are living to-day in an age where religious and in-Christianity. Even here, however, the theolo- deed scientific opinion is in a state of flux, and when, as we have already said, no clear outlook science as long as possible; as, for instance, in the | is possible. As for forecasting the future, that is case of the days of creation and the whole subject entirely out of the question. But those who of Biblical chronology generally. They feel, and wish to know just how much orthodox theologians of good standing in the Anglican Church are willing to concede to what is vaguely known as the spirit of the age will do well to read these es They faithfully reflect at once the loyalt and the radicalism of the younger generation of English Churchmen. That such atterances should Eighth Churchmen. That such attenders should appear in the face of so much that is reactionary in the Anglican Communion is a hopeful sign. If theologians were always as willing to see what is going on in the world about them, and were as willing to give up what is unnecessary or uncountered and appear in the face of so much that is reactionary in the Anglican Communion is a hopeful sign. If theologians were always as willing to see what is going on in the world about them, and were as willing to give up what is unnecessary or uncountered and the second of the second of

AN INTERESTING BOOK.

THE ROMANCE OF A DIPLOMAT

A DIPLOMAT'S DIARY. By Julien Gordon. pp. 233. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Cor Under the guise of a somewhat tragic love nym of "Julien Gordon" gives a graphic and vivid description of life and manners at the Russian court, exhibiting an uncommon keepness of observation and delicacy of touch in the course of the work. "A Diplomat's Diary" is not pure The strong story of the envoy and the beautiful widow may or may not have been in clever work of art or a record of fact observed and who has occupied a position within the diplomatic circle of the court in question. The diary, more over, though supposed to be written by a man, is probably the work of a woman, and there are nany slight indications of this in the book itself. Men do not often succeed in drawing women Balzac is perhaps the only man who has pene trated the subtle. Protean feminine nature to the extent of putting genuine women upon his canvas. Women are, in the same way and for the same general reasons, apt to make strange mistakes in diagnosing the masculine nature. As a rule they are unable to refrain from endowing it with a excess of womanly characteristics. Not that men who are really good for anything are ever without those qualities, for the best men unite the traits of both sexes, and the best women also. Bu we nen when they create men in fiction are prone to overdo their feminization, just as men without genius make their female characters mere boys in

In "A Diplomat's Diary" the diarist, it will be observed, does not always write or act like a genuine man. The intention is to make him stern, strong-willed, but at the same time emotional and very sensitive. Now a man would not consider this a happy combination of attributes. He would shrink from any suspicion of the melodramatic in the representation of his hero, and above all, in portraying a veteran diplomat, he would insist upon his absolute self-control and external impassiveness. Then, too, we seem to distinguish a kind of delicate malice in the picture of Mrs. Acton which would be quite beyond the reach of a man writer. The really outrageous coquetry of the lovely Daphne is quite a master piece of study and expression, and its subtlet, is truly feminine. In the close and shrewd description of Russian diplomatic and court customs the pictorial tendencies and the point of view are equally revelatory of the writer's sex. All this part of the work is done with lightness of touch and a strong sense of what is picturesque in the splendid and stately functions concerned. A judicious cynicism is employed to flavor the character of the diarist-and, by the way, how is it that in all fiction diplomats are represented as cynical? Have we here an unconscious recognition of the dominance of Humbug in state ceremonials and all the modes and methods of intergovernmental procedure which mark selfinterest under a score of high-sounding phrases?

mental positions of religion by the proviso that the clear, incisive style, full of nervous strength, force in the imagination of the writer. This sharpness of outline and solidity of conception it is which constitute so large a part of the distinction between inherent genius and the talent | born of patient industry and practical skill. "Julien Gordon" possesses the narrative power, too, in an unusual degree, and the still more valuable in the fewest words. These qualities should carry her far if she chooses to proceed upon the path here entered; and even if the "Diplomat's Diary" should be her only work it will be one to be looked back upon with satisfaction, for it is at once honest and artistic.

ARMY LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

A CAPITAL BOOK BY MRS. CUSTER.

FOLLOWING THE GUIDON. By Elizabeth B. ter. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 341. Harpe Brothers.

Mrs. Custer has already shown a peculiar aptitude for describing rmy life on the plains, and her new book, "Following the Guidon," must extend and confirm the popularity so well earned by her previous volumes. Everybody, it has been be said, can do something well, though not everybody knows what it is that they can do best. Mrs. Custer has demonstrated her ability to paint with to any reconstruction of the construction of t eye and as loyal a heart as were his who went down with all his men on the Little Big Horn. The volume before us is less of a narrative than

ing and camping and the post and garrison life. would surely demoralize them. Mrs. Custer is retout in the frontier hamlets where men like W li upon occasion bloodthirsty. The afternat of the

of entertaining visitors and eking out the very light-heartedness which converted every difficulty into a droll incident, the common experience at one time, rattlesnakes at another, invaded the quarters and drove out the occupants. Terrifi Kansas storms swept suddenly down, blowing tents down or into the air and drenching everybody and everything. Once Mrs. Custer, on leaving quarters she had o cupie all the summer. discovered that she and the General had been living all that time directly over a nest of polecats, seven in number. As to the rattlesnakes they were everywhere, and General Custer, together with some of his men, went so far as to experiment upon there "bush eels " as elements of the cuisine. The troopers used to by in wait at their holes, and clip their heads off with a sabre the moment they issued forth, then skin and fry them. General Custer pronounced fried rattlesnake good; and, prejudice apart, if that be nos sible, perhaps there is no reason why the reptile should not be as edible as the great South American lizard, or, for that matter, the cel, which i anything but a clean feeder.

A capital idea has occurred to the author. It is to familiarize the public with the system of ongle-calls by printing them, music and (when possible) words together, at the ends of the chap-The words, it need hardly be said, are simply humorous or quaint doggerel verses which have been devised by the men, and handed down from generation to generation. The variants of

be risked for the sake of a bath:

But the vapordings of religious biggeds on the one hand and of selectific belows on the other hand need not be seriously considered. The question that ready interests the impactful sector for the seriously considered. The question that ready interests the impactful sector for the seriously considered. The question that ready interests the impactful sector for the seriously observed the seriously considered. The question that ready interests the impactful sector for the seriously observed the seriously considered. The question that the procedure which impact the procedure which in the sale of the title below the procedure was a description of the section to the support of the procedure which impact the procedure was a description of the procedure with a support of the procedure was a description of the procedure within the procedure was a description of the p

Here is an illustration of the way the squaws fought at the battle of the Washita:

Many of the squaws and children fought like the Indians, darting in and out and firing with cool aim from the opening of the tepees. Seme of these squaws followed in the retreat, but there were some still pendent enough to femalis out of sight. While the fight deat enough to femalis out of sight. While the fight was going on they sang digges in the minor key, all was going on they sang digges in the minor key, all believing their own last hour had come. Captain Smith was sent round before the fight was ended to count the tepees for the official report. The squaws and children fired away at him so fast that he told his wife afterward. The first count of those lodges was made pretty quick as the confounded popping kept up all the time. The attention of Captain Yates was attracted to the glittering of something bright in the underbrush. In a moment a shot from a pistol explained that the glistening object was the barrel of a pistol, and he was warned by fais soldiers that it was a squaw who had aimed for him, and was preparing to squaw who had aimed for him, and was preparing to the again. He then went round a short distance to investigate, and found a squaw standing in the stream, one leg broken, but holding her propoose closely to her. The look of malignant hate in her eyes was some thing a little worse than any venoraous expression he had ever seen. She resisted most vigorously every attempt to capture her, though the agony of her shattered limb must have been extreme. When she found that her pistol was lacely to be taken, she threw it far from her in the stream, and fought hercely again. At last they succeeded in getting her pappoose, and she surrendeved. She was carried forward to a tepee, where our surgeon took charge of her.

There is a pathetic story of the reunion of a brother and sister after the release of the latter

by the Indians: Custer has demonstrated her ability to paint with uncommon spirit the military life of garrison, camp and march, the humors and trials and deprivations of isolated posts, the perils of Indian warfare, and the excitement of the hunt. The American public would indeed have gladly listened to any recital by the widow of the gallant, chivalrous Custer—that "bean sabreur," who reminds us at once of Murat and Privas Rapert—but there has a few forms and way watching of the hills over which after the push come, a group of the danger to their chiefs, and finely, after long and weary watching of the hills over which the gentalment from the villege must come, a group that which preceded it. It is rather a collection of reminiscences and illustrations of every phase of army life on the frontier, from garrison duty in some border town run by "bad men," to the almost stagnant existence of a camp far from eivilization, where for days or perhaps weeks together the hungry troopers were sometimes driven to subsist upon roast horse.

In reading these vivid and brilliant sketches, in realizing the bardships and discomforts which even the best equipped officers and their wives have to endure, and in perceiving how much more severely all these privations must necessarily fall upon the rank and file, it is impossible to avoid the reflection that if the troopers are occasionally a "pretty touga lot," such toughness is in their case an almost providential shield against the friction of circumstances. Sensitive and refined men never could stand the life. They might fight to be the same provided the reflection of circumstances. Sensitive and refined men never could stand the life. They might fight to be the same description of the form one end of the long watching line to the same of the solders beat faster and shout. The bearts of the solders beat faster and more anxious. The largers the lad grew paler and more anxious. The largers the lad grew paler and more anxious. The largers are the tenderest," and tast day proved it, for our purch men head scarcely any though they from the provent to one pony. A little nearer and they reported that they were wone on the surface to prevent which ever two on one pony. A little nearer and they reported that they were wone on the surface to prove two on one pony. A little nearer and they reported that they were wone. The poor bear every most that they were wone to be sure two on one pony. A little nearer and they reported that they were wone on the surface to prove two on one pony. A little nearer and they reported that they were wone. The poor bear every double that they had two white squars that they reported that they were wone on the surface to the

ment of Kansas Volunteers had been or-revenge some of the outrages to the border with the hope of rescume white prisoners, Caster gave them the privilege of first greet-wo states women. Three ranking officers of to meet the poor creatures, who, even a for their white skin, could hardly be d's-from the Indians, so strance was their dir had the officers advanced a quarter

return to civilization the officers, so accustom to roughing it, would be liable to commit all kinds of blunders, but Mrs. Custer says this is not the ease, and mentions the following instances as rare exceptions:

It was constantly a wonder to me that officers who were leading a rough eyistence on the campa gas so much of the year, could take up all the amenance of life so readily when living in garrison again. We could rarely find any subject for criticism in their conduct. Once General Custer forget himself when he came home to his mother, after a long summer in the field. He took up his plate as he talked, and brushed it off with his maplin, as on the march it was almost a necessity to do, on account of the wind blowing the dust over everything. His sensitive old mather, always hovering around him, dipped to lift place and critically examined To plate saving. "My sen, is there anything wrong with it?" He blushed fur onsity as blond people are not to do if they redden at all, tossed back less lart, as he was wont to do in embarrasomet, appelated and at once turned to tell me that I must break him of that haldt, or he would do so at Judge 8—5, or the Henorable Mr. M—'s, where we were accurated to dine sampting only while on leave in New York. Every one in camp or garrison pointed upon the slightest chance for a joke, and a certain office; would blash now if reminded way, sit down to our table in garrison, on the day he returned to the time we all let him, he an about minded way, sit down to our table in garrison, on the It was constantly a wonder to me that officers who these calls might be made the basis of quite an interesting inquiry. Some of the calls are English, for instance, but the words supplied to these are quite different from those in use across the water, and there is decidedly a quainter humor in the American verses, as a rule, besides a distinct local atmosphere. Mrs. Quster in a preface gives some curious information about regimental calls, dislouged from Grose s "Military Antiquities" and other venerable and almost forgotten authorities, but the subject is too extensive to be disposed of in a few pages. Our readers will no doubt be pleased to see some examples of the author's style and matter; and though there is scarcely a page which does not tempt the critic to quotation, a few excerpts will be enough to send the judicious reader to the book itself.

Here is an instance of what had sometimes to be risked for the sake of a Lath:

This most interesting uponed upon the slightest chance for a place, and a certain office; would blush now of first a place, and a certain office; would blush now of a temption of the time, we all let him, ha an absent minded way, sit down to our table in garrison, on the day be easily a purpose to laugh at him of carrison, on the course, with his hat on, just on purpose to laugh at him of carrison, on the day be represented by a purpose to laugh at him of carrison, on the first on purpose to laugh at him of carrison, on the course, with the purpose to laugh at him of carrison, on the first on purpose to laugh at him of carrison, on the first on purpose to laugh at him of carrison, on the day be easily day of the purpose. Our officers at each out-of doors six and their heads covered; consequently, it was little wander that it is done of the year, and necessarily dined with their heads covered; consequently, it was little wander that it is the purpose to laugh at him of carrison of use of use out-of doors six and their functions of the function of the function of the purpose of use out-of doors six and their heads covered; consequently

darted under cover. Then came the scramble for other clothes, which was a very difficult affact, as few officers carried extras, save underclothes, and the quarter master's supplies were at Camp Supply, far in the rear. Into every one shares freely with a comrade on the life very one shares freely with a comrade on the from another, a cap from a terd, fitted out the unfortunates.

Here is an illustration of the way the squaws fought at the battle of the Washita:

Many of the squaws and children fought like the Indians, darting in and out and firing with cool aim from the opening of the tepees. Seeme of these squaws followed in the retreat, but there were some still prufice of the sided and ambled and prageed in a gentle sort. that was under the guidance of the marshals of the day. Dandy never for one moment forgot his part. He sidded and ambied and pranced in a gentle sort of teeter, suitable for his aged master, but he scorned to walk like an ordinary every day horse.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is said that Charles Francis Adams's "Life of Richard H. Dana, Jr."-to be published by Houghton, Miff'in & Co.-will contain a large number of valuable letters. A book adding to our knowledge of the anthor of "Two Years Before the Mast" will be heartly welcome. That record of the sea is as fresh and vivid in its interest to-day as when it first appeared.

A valuable local diary relating to Cowper has just been discovered at Olney, and this material Mr. Wright will use in his forthcoming life of the poet.

scribed as a stirring account of the hard service scon in General Crook's campaign following the death of Custer. It is to be entitled "Campaigning with Crook"; and it will contain, in addition to this narrative of norder warfare, three short stories, "Captain Santa Claus," "The Mystery of 'Mahbin Mill," and "Plodder's

Carlyle's opinions concerning the writing of novels by women may be gathered from this letter addressed to a girl who sought his literary advice: "A young lady's chief duty and outlook is not to write novels tespecially not while she is 'ignorant of the world,' and not even when, perhaps, she knows it too well), but by and bye to be queen of a household, and to manage it queen-like and woman-like. Let her turn her whole faculty and industry in that direction: shove her own novel well aside for a good while or forever, and be shy even of reading novels. If she do read, let it be good and wise books (more and more exclusively those), which not one in ten thousand of the kind called 'hovels' now is." The young writer, dismayed by this counsel, wrote again to the Scotchman, and promised to "shove her novel well aside." Thereupon Carlyle seems to have relented a little, for he penned another epistle, in which, amidst much kind advice, occurs this significant passage: "I do not forbid you literature, if there absolutely be no better aim. But in that case first prepare for it; read, study, reflect; inquire far and near (perhaps in various ages, in various countries, or languages); become acquainted with the great souls that have been-see if you have anything to add which is distinctly in their spirit; and if yes, do so."

Empress Frederick has herself written the pathetic tory of her husband's last days, which is to appear in the forthcoming Life of the Emperor.

Professor Trent, of the University of the South, is writing the blography of William Gilmore Simms for the American Men of Letters Scries. Both in the life of the novelist and in the condition of the South in his time there was matter for an unusually entertain-

"One wonders," says "The London Spectator," "If, ay at a fashionable party, Lord Tennysen would have his place and go out of the room after the Lords of coal and liquor who had been 'created' befor him' There is no doubt, we fear, as to what the Heralds' College would say on the subjet; but would even the most fushionable of hostesses have strength of mind to

Of Professor A. S. Hardy, the author of "Passe Rose," the "Wind of Destiny," and "But Yet a Woman," the September "Book-Buyer" says: "In ociety Professor A. S. Hardy is always an agreeable companion, and among intimate friends a most delight-His conversation is easy, suggestive, and fond of social life. He is an agreeable host, and especially delights in gathering congental natures ests the quartermaster is an object of envy, be- recreations. Often in the autumn he soours the woods camped in the Adirondacks, where the guides regard him as an uncerting shot. Over his study deak is the head of a deer, the trophy of an evening's hunt. of work is broken by a game of selffaire. In person Professor Hardy is of medium heighs and ig, muscular figure, with a rather small, wellpoised head, surmounted by darkish brown hair. His eyes are blaish gray, and his clear-cut face has a outhinl expression, though strongly marked with lines of thought and purpose."

vard Ho!" is said to be close upon half a million. It is really a handsome book, ship shape in every way. except that one could wish its type was larger. ne thing now needed in the cheap books of the day is a type that will not injure young eyes and nearly

A plumber in England has won the University Exension prize for an essay on English poetry.

Some New-England Journals have been indulging in foolishness respecting a statement that the anthor of kindyard Kipling's works is really an American and a Mr. Kipling's blography having been repeatedly published in this country, this noncome to indicate that the young "Harvard graduated in question is ingentously getting a good teal of free advertising.

" Andis Claverden." Mr. Stockton's new book, is a story of the South. There is said to be a good deal of action in this book-among other things a hand tohand contest "with an unseen foe in the blackness of a cave," an encounter with horse thieves and a wild ide to escape from them by the fair Artis, heroine

Reef Harte's "Ward of the Golden Gate" is on the list of Honghton, Mifflin & Co. So is Dr. Holmes's

In England last year 6,067 books were published,ncluding new editions. Most of them come under

A CONFIDING BIRD-COUPLE.

A FAMILY IN A LETTER BOX.

of wrens ditted into the well-shaded grounds that surround a gentleman's residence on the Providence Road and began to search for a summer home. versuda at the time, saw the cheerful little birds when they arrived, and he studied their movements all the forenoon. They flew about the cornices of the house for several minutes, surveyed every nook and corner that looked secladed, and then alighted on a shade tree and compared notes. For some time the bi-ds had a confab in low and gertle tones, their actions a place that exactly suited them to settle down in for the summer. At the close of the consultation the wrens sailed out of the tree and again went to hunting for a nesting place, and in a short time the male ran across one that seemed to suit him.

through the slot. He stayed in it less than a minute, and then he flew out, joined his wite on a lilac bush a few yards away, and told her about the coccy spot he had discovered. Mrs. Wren appeared to be all of a flutter over the pleasant news her proud husband had rought her, and away they both flew at once and entered the slot.

Pretty soon they came out and flew across the street to an open field. It was soon evident that Mrs. Wren was as well pleased with the box as her mate was, for in a short time they both sailed back again, each carrying a short piece of broken twig in the bill. These they dropped in the bottom of the box, and back and forth the industrious little flitters went until noon, when the young man looked into the box and found that the wrens had carried in a good handful of twigs and nicely arranged them as a foundation for their nest. By nightfall the birds had got the rough work on the nest picety well under way, and the next day they nearly finished it.

When the young man told his mother about what the wrens had done, she said that the little birds must be permitted to keep house in the box, as well as protected while they were raising a family there, so on Monday morning another box for letters was rigged up on the other gate post, and the lady of the house watched for the letter-carrier that forenoon and requested iim not to drop any more letters into the ears, where the wreas had taken up their abode.

counts both the wren family and the cat family were getting along finely and were much admired by their friends, the human family.

THE QUEEN'S COUNTRY HOME.

A VISIT TO OSBORNE.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

The first thing that strikes the visitor to Osborne is that Her Majesty has a capital eye for situation. She occupies the western wing, which juts out considerably from the main building. From her rooms she can look straight down the wooded slope to the shere and right across the Solent—a charming mixture of meadow and thicket and water dotted with snowy salis. The squerries and staff live around the corner, and, like Dick Swivelier, command a capital view of over the way. The terrace in front of Gsborne has a stiff, prim look about it, and you catch yourself thinking of the First Bolf of Eucha as you glance around. But there is a glorious vine tree running along a jutting pler which takes away something of the bare mathematical appearance, and would have gladdened the heart of Capital Cuttle. The workmen have strict orders not to scrape the lichens from the stairs and balustrades in their cleanness up; the Queen delight in the appearance of automaty they give. There is very little stain say in the ground; but on the southwestern side, facing each other across the pathway, are two splendid antiered stags, cast in the same mould as the pair which form a preminent feature in the grounds at Balmoral. The Dichess of Edinburgh was driving along this pathway recently, and these figures frightened er spirited ponies, which became unmanazcable and nearly brought about a spill.

The new wing which is being built on the western side is already of Imposing appearance. The shell is up, and the work—begun in April last—would have been finished by Christmas last had it not been interrupted by the arrival of Her Majesty. Operations are therefore at a stendatili, but enough has been done to show what a splendid banqueting hall this will be. The size u 60 by 30 feet, and the work of the mast solid description. The iron girders across the roof welsh each two and a half tones, and the walls have been force at a stendatili, but enough has been done to show what a splendid banqueting hall this will be. From The Pall Mall Gazette.

stalwart ringmand and gate.

Down by the sea is a jetty, which is used by Down by the sea is a jetty, which is used by

Down by the sea is a jetty, which is used by the Royal family for boating and yachting purposes. There is a bathing machine here, and just beside it is a curious arrangement to enable the ladies and children to bathe in comfort and safety. It is a great, rayly painted barge with hollow centre, something Lac a cance. The bottom of this is so arranged that when the craft is run along its rails into the sea the water comes in and the hollow space becomes a tank in which a child might wobble about till it turned into a water-baby. A royal road to learning—how to swimi Perhaps the most interesting sight about Osborne is the Swiss chalet and the delightful garden surrounding it. Here is a pleasant record of the family of which a child might wobble about till it turned into a water-baby. A royal road to learning—how to swim! Perhaps the most interesting sight about obsorne is the Swiss chalet and the delightful garden surrounding it. Here is a pleasant record of the family of flor Majesty. Those tail bushes over there were planted many years ago by the Queen and the Prince Consort—these smaller ones by their different sons and daughters; the tiny ones by their grandchildren. Each tree has a plaque underneath, telling by whom it was planted and when. That umbrella pine was planted by the Queen in 1802, in memory of the Prince Consort. Further on, and side by side, are two stately bushes—living memories of the marriage-day of the Prince and Princess of Wales. These two represent the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the latest pair stand for Princess Reatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Royal children were trained—among other things—in gardening here, and each of them had a bit of ground to keep in order. Everything is just as it was when they were children, and the gardener will show you their different plots, which are side by side, and all exactly allike. There is a neat tool-house, in which are ranged their little wheelbarrows, spades, etc., and the donkey-cart in which they drove their produce to market. Everything is marked with their different initials. There are some seventy or eighty rabbits just now in the hutches here. These have been specially brought over by Her Majesty from Alx-les-Bains and Cannes for the sake of their long, fleecy wool, which is regularly plucked for Princess Beatrice to weake up.

Here also is a museum with a part fitted up for each member of the Royal family, and there are some wonderint curios shown by the Prince of Wales and his brothers, got daring the r forsign wanderings—strange animals, shot by themselves, crocodiles from the Nile, ligers from India; bustards, deer all manner of strance gifts from India; bustards, deer all manner of strance gifts from India; bustards, deer all mann

CLOTHES AND THE PRINCE.

London letter to The San Francisco Argonact.

Could any one who has ever seen the Prince of Wales give credence to the tale that he introduct the flower pot hat? Oh, no; whatever else he may be, "Tummy" is nobody's food, and he knows just what sort of nat becomes his polity, stall fed face and his neckless head, without ching ambody to tell him. He does not waste much time wearing unsatiable, unseconing clothes. He is much too, sharp, and when Pool sends him a hig parcel of new coats and trousers and wasteoats, be sure he gives the contents a good look over and trial on before a big looking glass, before he settles to wear any of them in public.

There is a story that once upon a time the Prince was asked by one of his set about his clothes—a most ill-bred, pushing, ignorant thing to do. But the inquirer was a young may of enormous means, which came to him from a grandfather who made ma-malade pots and jars, and his cheek had a thick plating of gold, over it.

One day he met "Tummy" at the Mariborough Club, having a quiet cigarette all by himself in the smoking-room, or as all by himself as a man can be with two equeries always dozging after him. The equeritand when young Mr. Marmalade Pots walked in he supposed the Prince was really alone.

By the bye, sir," he began, "I was up at Pool's to day, and saw some clothes for you that were just finished."

innished."
The Prince looked bored. "Ghready," said he,
with his thick German accent "did you?"
"Yes, sir, I did," went on the young man, enthusiastically; "and I saw a suit of dittees which so
pleased me that I ordered a suit exactly like it for

myself."
11.7 Prince frowned. Would Pool dare do such a

pleased me that 1 ordered a suit exactly like it for myself."

17.7 Prince frowned. Would Pool dare do such a thing as that:

"I'm soghrry you had the tehrouble of doing that," said he, "because I never wear any clothes that I don't like. I dan'tsay I shan't chre for these."

The young man looked crestfallen, but never saw the snub. But the equerries behind a screen dad, and that is how the story got out.

The low-cut waisteoat is fully as bad as the flower-pot hat. Indeed, they generally go together. The inherent, unconquerable bad style of the garment is seen at a glance, as you gaze at the bristing shirt-front, or baggy white searf, like a padded stocking, plastered all over the wenter's breast.

Some time ago, I remember, when the hollowed-out evening waisteoats were a great novelty. I saw the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh at an evening concert. Neither of them wore waisteoats of the (supposed) prevailing fashion. Both had on garments whose shirt-front was not expanded like the sides of a lyre, but quietly open straight down from shoulder to top bottom. Yet there were no end of American gentlemen present, all with the other kind. I expect they were astounded, and ordered new waisteoats directly. No doubt this rounded-out style was thought to have been invented and introduced by the Prince. The fact is, it does not do to take any stock in what tailors say about such matters. One should see for one's self.

There are loads of fashions which go out to American from England with the all-ged stamp of the Prince of Wales's approval upon them, when it is ten to one if he ever so much as saw them. Not long ago it was thought to have been invented and introduced by the form England with the all-ged stamp of the Prince of Wales's approval upon them, when it is ten to one if he ever so much as saw them. Not long ago it was thought to have been and country banker of obscure position and uncertain social standing.

Perhaps the most ridiculous fashion that ever reached America was the hunting "covert"-coat. I

and wore them over their dress-coats to balls, extreme shortness of the exercicost, to make it fortable in the saddle, had rather a peculiar upon the dress-coat's tails.